

A
MIDNIGHTS
Trance :

Wherin is discour-
sed of DEATH, the
nature of SOULES,
and estate of Im-
mortalitie.

As it was Written at the
desire of a Nobleman,
By W. D.

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A
MIDNIGHTS
Trance, wherein is dis-
coursed of Death, The
nature of Soules, and
estate of Immor-
talitie.



Hough it hath
beene doubt-
ed if there be
in the Soule
of Man such
imperious and superexcel-
lent Power, as that it can
by the vehement and ear-

nest working of it, deliuer knowledge to another without bodily Organs, and by the only conceptions and *Ideas* of it, produce reall effects, yet it hath beene euer and of all thought infallible & most certaine, that it often (either by outward inspiration, or some secret motion of it selfe) is augure of its owne Misfortunes, and hath shadowes of coming Dangers presented vnto it, a while before they fall forth. Hence so many strange apparitions and signes, true Visions, Dreames most certaine,

vncouth languishings and drowfinesse, of which to seeke a reason, vnlesse from the sparkling of GOD in the Soule; or from the God-like sparkles of the Soule, were to make *Reason* vnreasonable, in reasoning of things transcending her reach.

Having often and diuers times, when I had giuen my selfe to rest in the quiet solitarinesse of the night, found my imagination troubled with a confused feare, no, sorrow, or Horror, which interrupting sleepe did confound my senses, and rouse mee

vp all appalled, and transported in a suddaine agony and sad amazednes; of such an vnaccustomed perturbation and namelesse woe, not knowing, nor being able to imagine any apparant cause, carried away with the streame of my (then doubting) thoghts, I was brought to ascribe it to that secret fore-knowledg & presaging Power of the Prophecticke Mind; and to interpret such an agonie to bee to the Spirit, as a faintnes and vniuersall wearinesse is to the Body, a token of following sicknesse, or as
the

the Earth-quakes are to great Cities, Harbingers of greater calamities, or as the roring of the Sea is, in a still calme, a signe of some ensuing tempest.

Hereupon, not thinking it strange, if whatsoeuer is humane should befall me, knowing how Prouidence abates grieffe, and discourtenances crosses, and that as we should not despaire of euils, which may happen vs, wee should not trust too much in those goods we enioy: I began to turne ouer in my remembrance all that could afflict miserable mortali-

A 5 tie,

tie, and to fore-cast euery thing that with a Maske of Horror could shew it selfe to humane eyes, till in the end, as by vnities and points, Mathematicians are brought to great numbers and huge greatnesse, after many fantastick glāces of mankinds sorrow, and those incumbrances which follow life, I was brought to thinke, and with amazement, on the last of humane euils, or (as one said) the last of all dreadfull and terrible things, *Death*.

And why may wee not beleue that the Soule
(though

(though darkely) fore-seeing, and hauing secret intelligence of that sharpe diuorcement it is to haue from the body, should be ouergriued and surprised with an vncouth and vnaccustomed sorrow? And at the first encounter examining their neere vnion, long familiarity & friendship, with the great change, paine, and vglines, which is apprehended to bee in *Death*, it shall not appeare to be without reason.

They had their beeing together, parts they are of one reasonable Creature, the hurting of the one, is the
the

the enfeebling of the working of the other, what deare contentments doth the Soule enioy by the senses? They are the gates and windowes of its knowledge, the Organs of its delight; if it bee grieuous to an excellent Lutanist to bee long without a Lute, how much more must the want of so noble an instrument bee painefull to the Soule? And if two Pilgrims who haue wandred some few miles together, haue a hearts grieve when they part, what must the sorrow be at the parting of two so lowing friends, as
is

is the Soule and Body?

Death is the violent
estranger of acquaintance,
the eternall diuorcer of
Marriage, the rauisher of
the Children from the Pa-
rents, the stealer of the Pa-
rents from the Children,
the intomber of Fame, the
only cause of forgetfulnes,
by which men talk of them
that are gon away, as of so
many shadows, orageworn
Stories. It is not ouercome
by pride, made meeke by
flattery, staied by Time;
Wisedome saue this, can
preuent & help any thing:
nor Youth, nor Vertue, nor
Beauty, can make it relent
and

becom partial: It is the reasonles breaker off of al actions, by this wee enioy no more the sweet pleasures of Earth, nor behold the stately Vault of Heaven, Sunne perpetually setteth, Stars neuer rise vnto vs, all strength by this is tane away, all comlineffe defaced, Glory made ignoble, Honour turned into contempt: This in an houre robbeth vs of, what with so great toyle and care in many yeeres, we haue heaped together: Successions of Linages by this are cut short; Kingdomes want Heires, and greatest States

States remaine Orphanes.
By *Death* wee are exiled
from this excellent City of
the World, it is no more
a world vnto vs, nor wee
no more People vnto it.

That *Death*, naturally is
terrible & to be abhorred,
it cannot altogether be de-
nied, it being a priuatiō of
Life, & a not-being, & eue-
ry priuation being abhor-
red of nature, and euill of
it selfe, yet I haue often
thought that euen natu-
rally, to a minde by onely
nature resolued and pre-
pared, it is more terrible in
conceite then in verity,
and at the first glance, then
when

when well looked vpon,
& that rather by the weak-
nesse of our fantasie, then
by what is in it; and that
the solemnities and shews
of it, did adde much more
vglinesse vnto it, then o-
therwise it hath: to auerre
which conclusion, when I
had gathered my astoni-
shed thoughts, I beganne
thus with my selfe:

If on the great Theater
of this Earth, amongst the
numberlesse number of
Men, this condition were
onely proper to thee and
thine, then vndoubtedly,
thou hadst reason to re-
pine at so vniust and par-
tiall

tiall a Law : But since it is a necessity, from the which neuer an age by-past hath been exempted, and vnto which those which bee, and so many as are to come, are thralled, it being as common, as any the most vulgar thing to sence, why shouldst thou in thy peeuish opposition take so vneuitable and familiar a chance to heart? This is the broad path of mortalitie, our generall home; behold what millions haue trod it before thee, what multitudes shall after thee, with them who at that same instant
runne

runne. In so vniuersall
a calamity (if DEATH
bee one) priuate com-
plaints cannot bee heard,
with so many royall
Palaces, it is no losse to
see thy poore cabin burne.
Shall the Heauens stay
their euer-roling wheelles
(for what is the motion of
them? but the motion of
a swift, and euer-whirling
wheele, which twineth
forth, and againe vp-
roleth our Life,) and
hold still time, to prolong
thy miserable dayes? As if
they had nothing to doe
els, but to serue thy humor.
Thy Death is a peece of
the

the order of this *All*, a part
of the life of this World:
for while the World is the
World, some creatures
must die, and other take
Life. Eternall things are
raysted farre aboue this
Spheare of generation &
corruption, where the first
matter, like an euer-flow-
ing and ebbing Sea, with
diuerse waues, but the
same water remayneth;
what is below in the vni-
uersality of the kind, not in
it selfe doth abide, *Man* a
long line of yeeres hath
beene, this *Man* euery
hundreth is swept away.
This Center is the sole Re-
gion

gion of *Death*, the Graue where euery thing that taketh life, must rotte, a Stage of change, only glorious in the vnconstancy, and manifold alterations of it, which though many, seeme yet to abide one, and being one, are yet euer many. The neuer agreeing bodies of the Elementall Brethren turne one in another, the Earth changeth her countenance with the Seasons, sometimes looking colde and naked, other times, hote & flowrie; nay I cannot tell how, but euen the lowest of those heauenly bodies,
that

that mother of Moneths,
and Lady of Seas and
moysture, as if shee were a
mirror of our constant in-
constancy, by her too
great nearenesse vnto vs
seemeth to participate of
our changes, neuer seeing
vs twice with that same
face, whiles appearing
dark, now pale, sometimes
again shining vnto vs.
Death no lesse then Life,
doth here act a part, the
taking away of what is old,
being the making of a way
for what is yong. Which
since it is so, and must of
necessity bee so, thou must
learne to will, that which
hee

he wills, whose very willing giueth beeing to all that it wills, and rather to reuerence the ord' rer, then repine at the order, for we be borne not to giue lawes to God, and his Lieutenant Nature, but to obey those Lawes which they haue giuen.

If thou dost complaine that there shall be a Time, in the which thou shalt not be, why dost thou not too regret that there was a Time, in the which thou wast not? And so, that thou art not as old as that enlivening Planet of Time? For not to haue
been

been a thousand yeere before this moment, is as much to bee deplored, as not to be a thousand after it. We know what Death is by the thought of that Time, and estate of our selues, which was ere wee were. Death is not to bee, that will be after vs, which long lōg ere we were, was. Our Nephewes haue that same reason to vex themselves, that they were not young men in our dayes, which wee haue to complaine that we shall not be old in theirs; they who fore-went vs, did make place vnto vs: and shall we
grieue

griue to leaue a roome to
them who come after vs ?
The Violets haue their
time, though they liue not
in the cold Winter, and
the Gilly-flowers keepe
their season, though they
spread not their leaues in
the Spring.

Empires, States, King-
domes, haue by the doom
of the supreme Proui-
dence their fatall periods,
great Cities lie sadly bur-
ied in their dust, Arts and
Sciences haue not onely
their eclipses, but their
waynings and deaths, the
gastly Wonders of the
World rayfed by the Am-
bition

bition of ages are ouer-throwne, the excellent Fabricke of this Vniuerſe it ſelfe ſhall one day ſuffer ruine, or a change like a ruine, and poore Earth-lings thus to be handled, complain. Seek now the *Aſſyrian, Median, & Perſian* Empires: where is the poſterity of that great *Macedonian*? And the terror of this Earth the *Romane Caſars*?

But is this life ſo great a good, that the loſſe of it ſhould be ſo deare vnto mā? If it be? the meanest creatures of nature thus be happy, for they liue no leſs thē he: if it be ſo? how is it eſtee

B

med

med by man himselfe at so
smal a rate? that for so smal
gaine, nay, a light word, he
wil not stand to lose it? what
excellency is there in it, for
the which Man should de-
fire it perpetually, and re-
pine to return to his great
Grand-mother Dust? Of
what worth are the labors
and actions of it, that the
interruption and leauing
off of them should bee be-
wayled? Is not the entring
into life weakenesse? The
continuing sorrow? Man
in the one is exposed to all
the iniuries of the Ele-
ments, and like a condem-
ned trespasser (as if it were

a fault to com to the light)
no sooner born, thē bound
and manacled; in the o-
ther, like a Ball hee is vn-
cessâtly tossed in the Ten-
nis-court of this VVorld:
VVhen hee is in the Me-
ridian of his glory, there
mistereth nothing to de-
stroy him, but to let him
fall his owne hight, a reflex
of the Sun, a blast of wind,
nay, the glance of an Eye
is sufficient to kill him.

His Body is but a Masse
of discording humors boi-
led together by the con-
spiring vertues of the Pla-
nets, which though agree-
ing for a time, yet can ne-

uer be made vniforme and brought to a iust proportion. To what sicknesse is it subiect vnto, beyond those of the other creatures? no part of it beeing which is not particularly infected and afflicted by some one, nay euery part of it with many; so that not without reason, the life of diuers of the meanest creatures of Nature hath beene preferred (by the most wise) to the naturall life of Man. And wee should rather be brought in a maze, how so fragila matter should so long endure, then how so soone decay.

Are

Are the actions of the most part of men any thing different from those laborious exercises of Spiders, that lye in ambush to pray on the simpler, and eniscerate themselves many daies for the weauing of a fraile web, which when finished with great toyle, a blast of wind carrieth away both the Worke and the Worker? Or are they not such indeed as bee the toyes of little Children? Or to hold them at their highest rate, as is some earnest game at Chess? Euery day we rise and lye down, apparell and disapparell

our selues, weary our Bodies, and refresh them, which is a circle of idle travels; sometime wee are in a chase after a fading beauty; now wee seeke to enlarge our bounds, augment our Treasure, feeding poorely to purchase what wee must leaue (perhaps) to a foole, or (which is not much better) a Prodigall heire: raised again with the wind of Ambition, wee court that idle name of Honor, not considering that men in glassy places are but tortured ghosts, wandring in golden Fetters, and glistring
Pri.

Prisons, hauing *feare* and *danger* their vnsseparable executioners, in the midst of multitudes rather garded then regarded.

Those whom inward Melancholly hath made weary of the Worlds eye, who haue withdrawne themselves frō the course of earthly affaires, by thoughts curious, sad regrets, idle contemplations, liue a life farre worse then others, their wit being too quicke to giue them a true taste of woe, while those of a more shallow and simple conceit, haue want of knowledge

and ignorance of themselves, for a remedy against euery other euill. What *Camelion*, what *Euripe*, what Moone doth change so oft as man? Hee seemeth not the same person in one and the same Day, by reason of his subiection to his priuate Passions.

Young, wee scorne our childish conceits, and wading deeper in yeeres (for yeeres are a Sea into which we wade vntill we drown) we esteeme our Youth inconstancy, Folly, Rashnes: Old, wee begin to pity our selues, plaining, because we are changed, that the
World

World is changed : Like
them in a Shippe, which
when it is they that launch
frō the shore, are brought
to belecue that the shore
doth flie from them. Whē
we are freed of euill in our
owne estate, wee begin to
grudge and vex our selues
at the happinesse and for-
tunes of others, wee are
fraught, wee care for what
is present, with sadnes for
what is by-past, with feare
for that which is to come,
nay, for that which will ne-
uer come ; we deeme that
pitty, which is but weake-
nes, and plunge our selues
in the deepest gulfes of an-
guish,

guish, one day still laying
vp strife of griefe for the
next. The Aire, the Sea,
the Fire, the Beasts be cru-
ell executioners of Man,
yet Beasts, Fire, Sea, and
Ayre, bee pitifull to Man,
in respect of Man; for,
mo men are destroyed by
men, then by them all.

What wrongs, scornes,
contumelies, prisons, poy-
sons, torments, receiue
man of man? What en-
gines and new workes of
death are daylie found
forth by man against man?
What Lawes to thrall his
liberty? Fantasies and
scar-crowes to inueigle his
reason?

reason ? Amongst the Beastes, is there any hath so seruile a lot in anothers behalfe as man? yet neither is content, nor hee who raigneth, nor he who serueth.

The halfe of our Life is spent in sleepe, which (sith it is a release of care, the balme of woe, an indifferent arbiter vnto all) must be the best, and yet is but the shadow of Death: and who would not rather the suffer the Slings, and Arrows of outrageous Fortune, the whips and scorns of time, the oppressors wrongs, the proud mans con-

contumelies, sleepe euer
(that is, dye) and end the
Heart-ake , and the thou-
sand naturall Shocks, that
flesh is heire to ? Our hap-
pinesse heere, seemeth ra-
ther in the wanting of e-
uils, and being free of cros-
ses, then in the enioying of
any great good. What
hath the brauest of mor-
tals to glory in? Is it great-
nesse ? Who can be great
on so small a round as this
Earth? and bounded with
so short a course of Time?
How like is that to castles,
or imaginary Cities, buil-
ded in the Skie, of chance-
meeting Clouds? Or to
Giants

Giants modelled (for a sport) of Snow, which at the hotter lookes of the Sunne do melt away? such an impetuous vicissitude so towseth the estates of this World. Is it knowledge? But wee haue not yet attained a perfect vnderstanding of the smallest floure, and why, the grasse should rather bee greene, then red, the Element of fire is quite put out the Ayre is but water rarified, some affirme there is another world of men and creatures, with Cities, and Towers in the Moone, the Sunne is lost, for it is
but

but a cleft in the lower Heauens, through which the light of the highest shines : What is all we know , compared with what wee know not? It is (perhaps) artificiall cunning : how many curiosities be framed by the least creatures of Nature, vnto which, the industry of the most curious Artizans doth not attaine? Is it Riches? What are they but snares of Liberty, bands to such as haue them, possessing, rather then possessed : Metalls which *Nature* hath hidde (foreseeing the great euill they

they should occasion) and the only opinion of Men, hath brought in estimation? When wee haue gathered the greatest abundance, wee our selues can enioy no more thereof, then so much as belongs to one man, Rich and great men doe their businesse by others, the lesser doe them themselues. Will some talke of our pleasures? It is not (though in the fables) told out of purpose, that *Pleasure* being called in haste from Earth to Heauen, did here forget her apparell, which *Sorrow* hauing thereafter found,

found (to deceiue the World) attired her selfe with ; and if wee shall confesse the truth of most of our ioyes, we must say that they are but disguised Sorrows, the drammes of our honey, are lost in pounds of Gall, Remorse neuer en-
sueth our best Delights. Will some Ladies vaunt of their Beauties ? That is but skinne-deepe, of two senses onely knowne, short euen of Marble Statues and Pictures, dangerous to the beholder, and hurtfull to the possessor, an enemy to Chastity, a thing made to delight others,
and

and not those who haue it,
a superficiall lustre hiding
Bones and the Braines,
things fearefull to bee loo-
ked vpon; growth of yeres
doth take it away, or sick-
nesse, or sorrow preuen-
ting them; our strength,
matched with that of the
vnreasonable creatures, is
but weakenesse.

If Death be good, why
should it be feared? And
if it bee the worke of Na-
ture, how shall it not bee
good? And how shall it
not bee of Nature? Sith
what is naturally generate,
is subiect to corruption,
for such a composition
cannot

cannot euer endure, but must of necessity dissolue. Againe, how is not *Death* good, sith it is the thaw of all those miseries which the frost of life bindeth together? In two or three ages (without *Death*) what an vnpleasant spectacle were the most flourishing Cities in the World? For what should there bee to be seene in them, saue bodies languishing, and courbing againe into the Earth? Pale disfigured faces, Skelitones in stead of Men? And what were there to bee heard, but the regrets of the yong, and
plaints

Plaints of the aged , with
the pittifull cries of sicke
and pining persons ? there
is almost no infirmity
worse then age.

If there bee any euill in
Death, it would appeare
to bee for that paine and
torment, which we apprehend
to arise of the breaking
of those straight bāds
which keep the Soule and
Bodie together, which
(since it is not without
great wrestling and motion)
seemes to proue it selfe
vehement and most extreme.
The fences are
the onely cause of paine,
but before that last effect
of

traries, that the worst cōposed Bodies feele paine least, and by this reason all sicke persons should not much feele paine, for if they were not euill composed they would not bee sicke.

That the sight, hearing, smelling, taste, leaue vs without paine, and vnawares, wee know most certainly, and why should wee not beleeeue the same of the feeling? That which is capable of feeling is the vitall Spirits, which in a man of good health are spread & extended through the whole Body : And
hence

hence is it, that the whole body is capable of paine; but in sicke men wee see that by degrees those parts which are most remoued from the heart, remaine cold, and being denuded of naturall heate, all the pain that they feele, is that they can feele no paine: now as before the sicke be aware, the vitall Spirits retire themselves from the whole extension of his body, to assist the heart, (like distressed Citizens, which finding their wals battred run to defend their Cittadell) so do they abandon the heart without any sensible

sible touch, as the flame withdrawes it selfe from the wicke, the Oyle sayling. As to those shrinking motions and conuulsions of sinewes and members, which appeare to witnessse great paine, let one represent to himselfe the strings of a high-tuned Lute, which being cracked retire to their naturall winding, or a piece of Ice which without any outward violence cracks at a Thaw: no other waies do the sinewes of the body, finding themselues slacke and vn-bended from the Braine, and that their wonted

ted labours and functions do cease, struggle and seeme to stirre themselves without any paine or sence.

Now, although Death were an extreme paine, sith it is in an instant, what can it bee? Why should wee feare it? For while we are, it commeth not, and it being come, wee are no more. Nay, though it were most painefull, long continuing, and terrible vgly, why should we feare it? Since feare is a foolish passion but where it may preferue, but it cannot preferue vs from death. That
is

is euer terrible, which is vnknown: so do little children feare to goe in the darke, and their feare is encreased with tales.

But that(perhaps) which doth bring thee most anguish, is to leaue this painted Sceane of the World in the Spring, and most delicious season of thy yeeres; for, though to die be vsual, to die young may appeare extraordinary. If the present fruition of these things be foolish, what can a long continuance of them be? Poore and strang *Halcyon*, why wouldest thou longer nestle amidst these

these inconstant waues?
hast thou not already suf-
fred enough of this world,
but thou must yet endure
more? But count thy yerres
which are now() & thou
shalt find, that whereas
ten haue ouer-liued thee,
thousands haue not attai-
ned this age. One yeere
is sufficient to behold all
the magnificence of Na-
ture, nay, euen one day
and night, for more is but
the same brought againe.

This Sun, that Moone,
those Starres, the disposi-
tion of the Spring, Sum-
mer, Autumne, Winter,
is that very same which the

C Gol-

Golden age did see . They
which haue the longest
time lent them to liue
in, haue almost nothing of
it at all, setting it eyther by
that which is past , when
they were not , or by that
which is to come : Why
shouldst thou then regard,
whether thy dayes be ma-
ny or few ; which when
prolonged to the vtter-
most, must proue (paraleld
with Eternitie) as a Teare
is to the Ocean? It is hope
of long Life, that maketh
life seeme short. Who will
weigh, & aduisedly weigh
the inconstancy of humane
affaires , with the back-
blows

blows of Fortune, shall neuer lament to die yong. Who knoweth what disasters might haue befallen him, who dieth yong, if hee had liued to been old? Heauen taketh them whom it loueth, from dangers before they doe approach; pure and (if wee may say so) virgin Scoules carrie their bodies with great anguish, and delight not to abide long in them, being euer burnt with a desire to returne to the place of their rest; and to be relieved of fleshly uncleannesse, that which may fall forth euery houre,

cannot fall out of time: life is a iourney in a dustie way, the furthest home is *Death*, in this, some goe more heavily burthened then others, swift & active Pilgrimes come to the end of it in the morning, or at Noone : which slow-paced wretches, clogged with the fragmentall rubbish of this world, scarce with great trauell, crawle vnto at midnight. Dayes are not to be numbred after the number of them; but after their goodnesse, the greatnes of a Spheare, addeth nothing to the roundnesse of it, but a little

the circle is as round as the most ample; that Musician is not most praise-worthie, who hath longest played, but he in measur'd accents who hath made sweetest melodie; to liue long, hath often beene a let to liue well. Let it suffice that thou hast liued to this time, and (after the course of this world) not for nought, thou hast had some smiles of Fortune, fauors of the worthiest, some friends, & thou hast neuer beene disfauoured of the Heauen.

Yet it is almost impossible, that thou canst want a

C 3 desire

desire to liue , and wishest
not thy dayes a while con-
tinued , though not for
life it selfe, at least that thou
mayst leaue to after-times
a monument, that once
thou wast ; for since it is
denied vs to liue long, (said
one) let vs leaue some wor-
thy remembrance of our
once here being, and thus
extend this spanne of Life
so farre as is possible. O
poore Ambition ! to what
I pray thee canst thou
concreded it ? Arches and
stately Temples , which
one age doth rayse , doth
not another raze ? Tombs
and adopted pillers lie bu-
ried

ried with them which were in them buried ; hath not avarice defaced that, which Devotion did make glorious ? All that the hand of Man can make, is eyther overturned by the hand of Man, or at length by very standing and continuing consumed ; as if there were a secret opposition in Fate, to controule all our industrie. Possessions are not enduring, children lose their Names, families raised on the highest top of wealth and Honor (like those which are not yet born) leauing off to be, so doth Heauen confound

dbr

C 4

what

what we labor with Art to distinguish. That renowne by Papers, which is thought to make men glorious, and which neereſt doth approach the Life of thoſe eternall Bodies above, how ſlender it is, the very word of paper doth import; and what is it when obtained, but a multitude of words which comming Worlds may ſcorne? How many millions neuer heare the names of the moſt famous Writers? And amongſt them to whom they are knowne, how few turne over their pages? And of ſuch

such as doe, how many
sport at their conceits, ta-
king the verity for a Fable,
and oft a Fable for Veritie,
or (as wee doe pleasants)
vsing all for recreation?
Then the arising of more
famous doth obscure and
darken the glory of the
former, being esteemed as
Garments worne out of
fashion. Now when thou
hast obtained what praise
thou couldst desire, it is
but an Eccho, a meere
sound, a cloud of Ayre;
which seene a farre, did
appeare something, but
approached, is found
nought; a thing imaginary

depending on the opinion
of other Men; for it is hard
to distinguish vertue and
fortune, the most vicious
(if prosperous) haue euer
beene praysed, the most
vertuous (if vnprosperous)
haue still beene despised.
Applause obtained whilst
thou liuest, hath euer enuy
following it, and is brittle,
like that *Syracusians*
Spheare of Glasse; and
borne after thy Death, it
may as well be ascribed to
some of them that were in
the *Troian* Horse, or to
such as are yet to be borne
an hundreth yeeres here-
after, as to thee, who no-
thing

thing knows, and is of all
vknown: What can it a-
uaile thee to bee talked of
whilst thou art not? Con-
sider in what bounds our
Fame is confined: This
Globe which seemeth
large to vs, in respect of the
Vniuerse, is lesse then little,
how much thereof is coue-
red with Waters, how
much not at al discovered?
How much desert and de-
solate? And how many
thousand thousands are
they which share the re-
manent amongst them?
& all this is but a point, &
in comparison nothing to
that wide wide canopie
of

of Heauen. For the Horizon that bounds our sight, bindeth the Heauen as in two halfs, which it could not doe if the Earth had any quantity compared to it. More, if it were not as a point, the Starres could not still appeare to vs of a like greatnesse in respect of their diurnall motion: for where the Earth rayfed it selfe in Mountaines (wee being more neere to Heauen) they would appeare more great, and where it were humbled in vallies (we being farther distant) they would seeme vnto vs lesse.

But

But on all sides the Hea-
uen beeing equally distant
from the earth, of necessity
wee must auouch it to bee
but a point. Well did one
compare it to an Ant-hill,
and men (the Inhabitants)
to so many Pismires in the
toyle and variety of their
diuersified studies. But
let it be granted that Glo-
ry and Fame is some great
matter, and can reach
Heauen it selfe, since it is
often buried with the ho-
nored, and endureth so
short a time, what great
good can it haue in it?
How is not Glory tempo-
rall, since it increaseth with
Time?

Time? Then imagine me
(for what cannot imagination reach vnto?) one
could bee famous in all
times to come, & through
the whole World present,
yet he shall be for euer ob-
scure, and vncouth to those
mighty ones, who were
only heretofore famous a-
mongst *Assyrians, Persians,*
Greekes, and Romanes. A-
gaine, the vaine affectati-
on of *Man* is so suppressed,
that though his workes do
abide, the worker is vn-
knowne: the huge *Ægyptt-*
an Pyramides though they
haue wrestled with time,
and worne vpon the vast
of

of dayes, yet their builders
be no more knowne, then
it is known by what strange
Earth-quakes and Deluges
Iles were diuided from the
continent, and Hills burst-
ed forth of the low Vallies.
Dayes, Moneths, and yeres
runne away, and only ob-
liuion remaines; of so ma-
ny ages past wee may well
figure to our selues some-
thing, but can affirme little
certainty.

But, Oh my Soule, what
ailes thee to be thus hack-
ward and fearefull at the
remembrance of *Death*?
sith it doth not reach thee,
more then darknesse doth
those

those eternall Lampes aboue : rowse thy selfe for shame, why shouldst thou feare to bee without a body, since thy Maker and those spirituall and super-celestiall Inhabitants haue no Bodies? Hast thou euer seen any Prisoner who when the Iayle-gates were broken vp and hee enfranchised and set loose, would rather plaine and sit still on his fetters, then seeke his freedome? If thou rightly thinke on thy selfe thou hast no cause of sorrow: for, if there bee any resemblance in what is finite of that which is infinite, if thou

thou bee not an Image,
thou art a shadow of that
eternall *Trinitie*, in thy
three essential Powers, Vn-
derstanding Will, Memo-
ry, which though three, are
in thee but one: and yet a-
biding one bee distinctly
three. But in no thing
more commest thou neere
that *Soueraigne good* then in
thy Immortality, which
who seeke to improue, by
that same it proue, like
them who arguing them-
selues to bee vnreasonable,
by the very arguing shew
that they haue some. No-
thing in this visible world
is comparable to thee,
thou

thou art so wonderfull a
beauty, and beautifull a
Wonder, that if but once
thou couldst be gazed vp-
on by bodily eyes, euery
heart would be inflamed
with thy loue, & clea-
frō their groueling
ly desires. What
the World, thou
body, abiding
Earth, thou mea-
Heauen, thou ma-
Seas and VVinds to
thee, thou many things
foreknowest before they
fall forth, thou art not con-
tent with the sight of all,
within the spacious bound-
of this large Cloister of
the

the VWorld, vntill thou
rayse thy selfe to the happy
contemplation of that first
illuminating intelligence,
transcending time, and e-
uen reaching Eternity it
selfe, into which thou art
formed: for by re-
ason, thou (beyond all
things) art made that
thou receiuest. By
the faculties, thou
partest with the three
of Time; by Memo-
ry with that which hath
passed, by Vnderstanding
with that which is present,
& by VVil with that which
is to come.

Man by thee is that *Hy-*
men

thou art so wonderfull a
beauty, and beautifull a
Wonder, that if but once
thou couldst be gazed vp-
on by bodily eyes, every
heart would be inflamed
with thy loue, & eleuated
frō their groueling earth-
ly desires. What God is in
the World, thou art in the
body, abiding on the
Earth, thou measurest the
Heauen, thou makest the
Seas and VVinds to serue
thee, thou many things
foreknowest before they
fall forth, thou art not con-
tent with the sight of all,
within the spacious bound
of this large Cloister of
the

the VWorld, vntill thou
rayse thy selfe to the happy
contemplation of that first
illuminating intelligence,
transcending time, and e-
uen reaching Eternity it
selfe, into which thou art
transformed: for by re-
ceiuing, thou (beyond all
other things) art made that
which thou receiuest. By
thy three faculties, thou
participatest with the three
parts of Time; by Memo-
ry with that which hath
passed, by Vnderstanding
with that which is present,
& by VVil with that which
is to come.

Man by thee is that *Hy-*
men

men of celestiall and terrestrialall things , without whom the vniuersall frame and great Fabrick of this world would remaine vnperfect. Thou only at once art capable of contraries, thou knowest thy selfe an immediat master-peece of that eternall artizan, & acknowledgest thee so separate, absolute, and diuerse an essence from thy Body, that thou disposest of it, as it pleaseth thee: for there is no passion in thee so weake which mastereth not the feare of leauing it. The more thou knowest, the more apt thou art to know,
not

not remayning enfabled
by thine object as sense by
objects sensible. Thou
shouldst bee so farre from
abhorring this separation,
that it should be the first of
thy desires, it being thy
perfection. Thou art here
but as in an infected and
uncleane Inne, or a living
Tombe, oppressed with
cares, suppressed with ig-
norance: Most of thy
knowledge commeth by
thy fine intelligencers of
sense, which (being often
deceiued) deceiue thee:
small things seeme here
great vnto thee, and great
things small: Folly Wise-
dome,

dome, and Wit Folly :
freed of thy fleshly care
thou shalt rightly know
thy selfe, and haue perfect
fruition of that full and fil-
ling happinesse, which is
God himselfe. God and
happinesse are one, for if
God haue not happinesse,
hee is not God, because
happinesse is the highest
and foueraignest good:
then if God haue happi-
nesse, it cannot be a thing
different from him, for if
there were any thing diffe-
rent from him in him, hee
should be an essence com-
posed, and not simple.
More, what is different in
any

any thing, is cyther an accident, or a part of it selfe; in God, happinesse cannot be an accident, because he is not subiect to any accident; if it were a part of him (since the part is before the whole) wee should be forced to grant that something was before God. Bedded and bathed in these earthly *Ordures*, thou canst not come neer that soueraigne good, nor haue so much notice of him, as the Owle hath of the Sun. Thinke then by *Death* that thy shel is broke & thou then but euē hatched: VVhy shouldst thou be feare-

feare-stroken, and brought vnder for the parting with this mortall Bride, thy Body? Sith it is but for a time, and such a time as she shall not care for; nor feelee any thing in, nor thou haue need of her, nay, since thou shalt receiue her againe more goodly and beautifull, then when thou leftst her? Being made like vnto that *Indian* Christall, which after some reuolutions of ages is turned into purest Diamonds.

If the Soule be the form of the Body, and the forme separated from the matter of it canot euer remain, but
hath

hath a natural appetite and desire to bee vnited thereunto, what can let and hinder this desire, but that one time or other it be accomplished, and haue the expected end, adioyning it selfe to the body? No violent thing can bee everlasting, the abiding of the Soule without the body being violent, cannot bee everlasting. How is not such a being not violent, since as in a stranger place the faculties of it (which neuer leaue it) are not due-ly exercised? this is not contradictory to Nature, much lesse impossible to God. D If

If the body shall not arise, how can the only and soueraigne Good bee perfectly and infinitely good? For how shall hee be Iust? Nay, haue so much iustice as a man, if hee suffer the euill and vicious to haue a more prosperous and happy life then the followers of Vertue? Which ordinarily vseth to fall forth in this life; for the most wicked are lords and gods of this earth, as if it had been made only for them, and the vertuous are but their enuassaled slaues, beeing subiect to all dishonors, shames, wrongs, miserie.

Sith

Sith then he is most good,
most iust, of necessity there
must be appointed by him
another time, and another
place of retribution, in the
which there shall bee a re-
ward for liuing well, and a
punishment for doing euil,
with a life in the which
both shall haue their due;
and not in their Soules on-
ly : for, sith both the parts
of man did act a part in the
right or wrong, it is reason
they both be arraigned be-
fore that High Iustice, to
receiue their owne. For
man is not a Soule onely,
but a Soule and Body, to
which either guerdon or

punishment is due.

This seemeth to bee the voice of Nature in almost all the Religions of the World, this is that vniuersall testimony characterized in the minds of the most barbarous and sauage people; for all haue had a blind ayming at ages to come, and a mistie diuining of another life, all appealing to one generall Iudgement Throne. To what else could serue so many expiations, sacrifices, Prayers, solemnities and ceremonies? To what such sumptuous Temples, and such care of the dead?

To

To what all Religion? If not to shew that they did looke for a more excellent estate of liuing after the short course of this was out-runne : and who doth deny it, must deny that that there is a God, a Providence, and not belecue that there is a World or Creatures, and that hee himselfe is not what hee is.

But it is not of *Death* (perhaps) that wee complaine, but of *Time*, which vsing against vs (as against all fragil and caduke things) his adamantine

D 3 Lawes,

Lawes, altereth the constitution of our Bodies, benummes our senses, and the Organes of our knowledge, of which evils *Death* relieueth vs: So that if we could be transported (oh happy Colonie!) to a place where there were no time, it were our only good, and the accomplishment of all our wishes. *Death* maketh this transplantation, for the last instant of corruption, or leauing off of a thing to be what it was, is the first of generation or being of that which succeedeth; *Death* then beeing the end of this miserable mortall life,

life, of necessity must bee the first beginning of that other eternall; and so without reason of a vertuous Soule is it either feared or complained on.

As those Images were figured in my Mind, (the morning-Star now almost arising in the East) I found my thoughts to become calme and appeased, and not long after my senses one by one forgetting their uses, began to give themselves over to rest, leauing mee in a still and quiet sleepe, if sleep it may be called, where the Mind

D4

awa-

awaking is carried with
free wings frō out fleshly
bondage? For, heavy lids
had no sooner couered
their lights, when I thought
(nay sure) I was where I
might discerne all in this
great *All*, the large compas
of the rowling Circles, the
brightnesse and continuall
dances of the twinkling
Starres, which (through
their distance) here
cannot bee perceiu'd
siluer countenance of
silent Moone shining
in anothers light, the hanging
of the Earth (as environed
with a Christall girdle) the
Sunne enthronized in the
midst

midst of the Planets , Eye
of the Heauens , Gemme
of this goodly Ring the
World. But whilst with
wonder and amazement
I gazed on those celestiaall
twinnes, and the burning
Lamps of that glorious
Temple, (like some poore
Countray-man brought
to his solitary Moun-
tain flocks to behold
the effulgence of some
starre) there was pre-
sently sight a Man
spring of his
with that selfesame
comely feature, and
maiesticke looke , which
the late () was wont

awaking is carried with
free wings frō out fleshly
bondage? For, heavy lids
had no sooner couered
their lights, when I thought
(nay sure) I was where I
might discerne all in this
great *All*, the large compas
of the rowling Circles, the
brightnesse and continuall
dances of the twinkling
Starres, which (through
their distance) here below
cannot bee perceiued, the
siluer countenance of the
silent Moone shining by a-
nothers light, the hanging
of the Earth (as environed
with a Christall girdle) the
Sunne enthronized in the
midst

midst of the Planets , Eye
of the Heauens , Gemme
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wonder and amazement
I gazed on those celestiaall
twinnes, and the burning
Lamps of that glorious
Temple, (like some poore
Countrey-man brought
from his solitary Moun-
taines and flocks to behold
the magnificence of some
stately City) there was pre-
sented to my sight a Man
as in the spring of his
yeres, with that selfesame
grace, comely feature, and
maiesticke looke, which
the late () was wont

to haue : on whom I had
no sooner set mine eye,
when (like one thunder-
strucken) I became all asto-
nished. But hee with a
mild demeanour appro-
ching, and voice surpas-
sing all humane sweete-
nesse appeared (mee
thought) to say:

What is it doth thus
torture thee ? is it the me-
mory of *Death*, the end of
all Sorrow and entrie to
these happy places ? is thy
fortune below on that dar-
kened Globe (that scarce
through the littlenesse of it
heere appeares) so great,
that

that thou art heart-broken
and dejected for the lea-
uing of it? what if thou
hadst left behind thee a
() so glorious to
the world (yet but a mote
of dust encircled with a
Pond) as that of mine? so
louing Parents? such great
Hopes? these had beene
apparant occasions of re-
grate, and but apparant.
Dost thou thinke that thou
leauest life too soone?
Death is best yong, things
faire and excellent are of
least endurance, the Rose
which is the flowre of
flowers, that same day that
sees it spred in the mor-
ning,

ning, sees it fade at evening, and lose the leaues, the Spring-time the most amiable Season of the yeere is the Shortest. Who liueth well, liueth long, those whom GOD loueth best, are soone relieved of mortall miseries.

Let not man esteeme his estate, after his earthly being, which is but a Dreame, though hee bee borne on the earth, hee is not borne for the earth, more then the embrion for the Mothers wombe: it plaineth to bee relieved of its Bands, and to come
to

to the light of this world,
and Man mourneth to bee
loosed from the Chaines
with which he is fettered
in that enchanted valley of
vanities, it nothing know-
eth whither it is to goe, nor
ought of the beauty of the
sensible world, and the vi-
sible workes of God, nei-
ther doe men of the mag-
nificence of this intellectu-
all world aboue, vnto
which (as by a Mid-wife)
they are directed by *Death*.

Fooles, who thinke that
this excellent and admira-
ble Frame, so wel ordered,
so rightly gouerned, so
won-

wonderfully faire, was by that supreme Wisedome made, that all things in a circulary course should be and not bee, arise and dissolve, and thus continue, as if they were so many Shadowes caused by the incountring of the Superior Celestiall bodies, changing only their fashon and shape; or were dreames which for a morning haue their being in the braine: No, no, the eternall Wisedome hath made man an excellent creature, though hee faine would vnmake himselfe and turne againe to nothing, though hee seeke

seeke his happinesse amongst the vreasonable creatures hee hath placed aboute.

When some Prince or great King on the earth hath builded any stately City, the worke being perfected, they were wont to set their Image in the midst of it, to be gazed vpon and admired; No otherwise hath the Soueraine of this *All*, (the fabricke of it done) placed Man, (made to his own Image) in the midst of this admirable City. God containeth all in him as the beginning of al, Man containeth

neth al in him as the midst
of all, inferior things be in
man more nobly then they
exist, superior things more
basely, celestially things fa-
uour him, earthly things
are vassaled vnto him, hee
is the band of both, ney-
ther is it possible but that
both of them haue peace
with him, if he haue peace
with him who made the
couenant betweene them
and him.

Hee was made, that hee
might know the infinite
goodnesse, power, and glo-
ry of him who made him,
and knowing loue, and lo-
uing enioy him, and to
hold

hold the Earth of him as
of his Lord Paramount.

How can it bee thought
that God should giue so
long life to Trees, Beasts,
and the Birds of the Ayre,
being Creatures inferior
to Man, which haue lesse
vse of it, and denie it to
him, vnlesse hee had pre-
pared another manner of
liuing for him in a place
more excellent?

But O God! (said I)
had it not been better that
for the good of his natie
Countrey so ()
had yet liued? How long
will ye (replied he) like the
Ants

Ants thinke there bee no
fayrer palaces then their
hills, and like poreblinde
Moles there is no greater
light, then that little which
they thunne? As if the
master of a Campe knew
when to remoue a Senti-
nell, and hee who placeth
Man on this Earth, did
not know how long he had
neede of him? Euery one
commeth here to act his
part of this Tragicomedie
called Life, which done,
the Curtaine is drawne,
and he remouing from the
Stage is said to die.

Most () then (an-
swered

swered I) *Death* is not such an euill and paine , as it is of the vulgar esteemed? *Death* (said he) nor painefull is nor euill of it selfe, except in contemplation of the cause of it, being as indifferent as birth: Yet it cannot be denied, but that the vncouthnesse of it, with the wrong apprehension of what is vnknowne in it is noysome. But the Soule sustained by its Maker, prepared and calmly retired in it selfe, doth finde that *Death* (since it is in a moment of time) is but a short, nay sweete sigh, and is not worthy the remembrance

brance compared with the smallest dramme of the infinite happinesse of this place.

Here is the Palace royall of the Almighty King, in which the incomprehensible comprehensibly manifesteth himselfe ; in place highest, in substance not subiect to any corruption or change, for it is above all motion, and solid turneth not ; in quantitie greatest, for if one Starre, one Spheare bee so vast, how vast, how great must those bounds bee which doth them all containe? In
qualitie

qualitie purest, Heauen
here is all but a Sunne, or
the Sunne all but a Hea-
uen, this is the onely and
true *Olympe*.

If to earthlings the foot-
stoole of God seemeth so
pleasant, of what worth (if
they could see) would they
hold his Throne? And if
the Throne bee so wonder-
ful, what is the sight of him
for whom and by whom
this *All* was created? Of
whose glory to behold the
thousand thousand part,
the most pure intelligen-
ces are fully content, and
with wonder and delight
stand

stand amazed ; for the beauty of his light and the light of his beautie is incomprehensible.

Here doth that earnest appetite of the vnderstanding pause it selfe, not seeking to know any more, for it seeth before it in the vision of the diuine essence (a mirror in the which not Images or shadows, but the true and perfect essence of all that is, is most viuely and perfectly seen) all that can be knowne, or vnderstood.

Here is the will stayed,
louing

louing that Soueraigne
Good in whose fruition all
good consisteth, and with-
out which can be none.

Here is a blessed com-
pany, euery one reioycing
in another and filled with
ioy of themselues, the hap-
pinesse of one is the hap-
pinesse of the whole, as
the happines of the whole
is the happinesse of euery
one: and as the company
is innumerable, the ioy of
each one is incomprehen-
sible.

No silly Mortall confi-
ned on that piece of earth,
who

who hath neuer scene but sorrow, can rightly thinke of, or bee capable to conceiue the happinesse of this place.

So many feathers moue not on Birds , so many Birds cleaue not the Ayre, so many leaues tremble not on Trees , so many Trees grow not in the wilde Forrests , so many waues turne not in the Ocean , so many Sands border not those waues ; as this Triumphant Court hath varietie of delights, and neuer loathsome pleasures.

Ambition,

Ambition, Disdaine,
Malice, Ignorance, Error,
Difference of opinions,
doe not enter this place,
resembling the foggie
mists which couer those
lists of sublunary things.

Here is Youth without
Age, Strength without
Weakenesse, Joy without
Sorrow, Light without
Darkenesse, Life *without*
End, Ages doe neuer here
expire, Time did neuer
enter.

All pleasure paragon'd
with what is here, is griefe,
all Mirth mourning, all
E Beauty

Beauty deformitie, heere
one dayes abiding is a-
boue the continuing in the
most Fortunate estate of
the Earth many yeeres,
and sufficient to counter-
uaile the extremest Tor-
ments of Life.

Amongst all the won-
ders of the great Creator,
not one appeareth to bee
more strange (replied
I) then that the dead
should arise, Nature deny-
ing a regresse from priuati-
on to a habit.

Wonders(said hee) in a
wonderfull cause are no
wonders

wonders, the Author of Nature is not thrall'd to the Lawes of Nature, but worketh with them or contrary as it pleaseth him, vn- to whom nothing peri- sheth.

This world is as a Cabi- net, in which the small things (though hid) are nothing lesse kept then the great. To him who in an instant brought all this *All* from nought, to bring againe in an instant any thing that euer was in it to what it was once, should not be thought impossible: Where the power is with-

out limitation, the worke hath no other limitation then the workers Will; Reason her selfe finds it more possible for infinite power to deliuer from it selfe a finit World, and restore any thing in this world to what it was first, though decayed and dissolved, then for a finit man, to change the forme of matter made to his hand.

The power of God neuer brought to knowledge all that it can, for then were his infinit power bounded and finite.

That

That time doth approach in which the dead shall liue , and the living bee changed , and of all actions the guerdon is at hand ; then shall there bee an End without an End, Time shall finish , and Place bee altered , and another World of an age Eternall and vnchangeable shall arise : With the which (mee thought) hee vanished, and I did all astonished awake.

FINIS.